

# CHERRY

**ROLLER  
VIRGIN**  
A ball on  
wheels!

**POOLSIDE  
PUSSY**  
Good clean  
wet fun!



**PAGES FULL OF  
HOT YOUNG SWEETS**



# G5ER

ROLLER DERBY

## EDITORIAL.

There's always been a certain mystique surrounding virginity, a supernatural reverence that characterizes the religious, nobles, and heroes of man, whether that society be primitive, civilized, or highly advanced. The Virgin Mary attained the status by immaculate conception while many pagan and non-pagan cultures regarded virgin to be the only sacrifice worthy of, and acceptable to, the gods. Virgin Virgins were believed to have magical powers and for centuries men revered virginity as virtually a prerequisite to choosing a mate. There is no doubt that virgins have made a deep and lasting contribution to evolution and history. The virgin contained in these gears are like the ancient counterparts, Demeter, and as you look upon the purity and innocence reflected in their gams it will become clear why the image of the modern alternative artist, actress, and philosopher. Perhaps born in a little bit of stage, and just a hint of the divine, to virginity after all.

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ALL MODELS ARE 18 YEARS OR OLDER  
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# ROLLER VIRGIN

Get an exhibitionist a pair of roller skates and you end up with a contortionist on wheels.

"I am originally a contortionist," says little Lucy. "Of course, bones are a bit cumbersome at this day and age, so to keep up with the times I do my bare back bend



shorts) and on skates. It's more economical and besides, skating doesn't put you out of houses and homes."

Although Lucy has always had a sexual attitude toward nudity, she's only recently been putting her assets on public display.

"My parents were both practicing nudists, and when I was young, the whole family would go to the nudist colony or free beach in California. We never took a big deal to me. In that kind of environment, it's all naturalness; how could anyone feel self-conscious?"



Maturity is a learned habit, one which I've never acquired.

"Any way, as a child, I was an ugly duckling, a real last choice. I was pale and plain, and the girls in our class used to make fun of me. They always went for the girls with tits like torpedoes. Now that I have filled out, those same girls are admiring for one crack of my chest, so that is my revenge. They can never all they want, but the only thing they're gonna get is not for their hearts. I guess I do it for the attention, probably because of those insecure years, when I wasn't very attractive, but now she



still is on my terms."

Lucky especially loves fishing around factories and warehouses.

"These poor men are in there threeing day after day doing monotonous jobs, so every once in a while they need something to brighten up the day. Nothing beats up the routine like the sight of a naked lady bunting by. I'm sure they go back to their jobs feeling refreshed, alert, and productive, so I'm doing my part to spur the economy."

"Another reason I do what I put to watch people's reactions. The look on a man's face when he sees this and we shoot by his window is priceless. I sometimes say, 'Smile you're on *General Cinema*', which really breaks them but I'm careful about where I flash, after all, I wouldn't want to cause a traffic accident."



While she loves to show off her body, Lucy is still a virgin.

"I never think about the men I hook," she says. "Because I rarely stay in one place long enough. My philosophy of life is to keep moving. I think I have a little gypsy in my blood, though you'd never know it with my blonde hair. I'm a natural wanderer. I love travel and have a restless nature. If I'm at one spot too long, I get restless. I'm always curious about what's going around the next bend... Someday I'll do some real travelling like to Europe or The Orient, but for now I'm content to keep around the city and I won't let any place grow under my feet. The



way I figure is, if I settle down to build a wife and another house or more, we'll never be plenty of time for fucking and seeking them. Right now, I won't let myself get married."

To Lucy, roller skating is more than just a hobby. It's the reflection of her growing awareness of the importance of physical fitness.

"Now that I've finally got a good body, I want to keep it," Lucy states proudly. "I watch my diet, take vitamins

every day, and exercise regularly so skating is a good way to keep trim. I've never been much of an athlete



but I'm a real athlete supporter. If I get good enough, I may try out for the Olympic roller skating team. If I could flash the judges like I flash guys on the street, I'd get a gold medal for sure."

Does Lucy ever worry that her sexual reputation will get her in trouble?

"No, neither the guys nor any of the girls I think have ever come close to calling me a slut. Roller skates are made for quick getaways. Besides, there is an advantage to being on a big city in that strangers won't recognize you. Many



people from cities because they've so anonymized, but I feel a certain comfort in anonymity. I can do whatever I want without worrying that someone's gonna find out. From The Mayor to my pet dog will know about it. In a small town, there is no way I could indulge myself that way without creating a scandal, but in the city, I can let my hair and my pants down."

What's in store for our succulent skater?

"Who knows? I never plan very far in advance. But I suppose I'll get into some profession where I can live out my exhibitionistic fantasies. For money, like option dancing, nude modeling, or striping. I had a friend



who worked as a stripper in New York; she made five hundred dollars a week, just for wagging her bare bottom. That's my kind of job.

"Eventually I'll meet a man who really makes my cage. Even though I am still cherry, I've been reading every sex manual I can get my hands on. From 'Be a Healer to Masters and Johnson' from 'The Joy of Sex' to 'How to Get laid without Breaking around the Bush.' I plan to write a book myself: 'The Skating Slutty' or 'Coming while Going.'

"Meanwhile, I'll go on being the Skater on Skate. For as long as the mood strikes me—or until I get caught. So if one day you look out your window to see a barefoot beauty which by, don't worry, it's only me."





# CHEERLEADER

**N**ot me, friend. I don't ever want to grow up," says Annette, shaking her hand firmly. "Once you're out of your teens, it's all over. Marriage and kids, what kind of life is there to look forward to?"

"Take a look at my life, for example. All right so I've got a job as

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**"A WHOLE STADIUM FULL OF PEOPLE GETTING OFF ON MY BODY . . . WHAT AN EGO TRIP!"**

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model on the morning television. Everything isn't perfect, but once I get there, I've got a whole cast full of good-looking guys and friendly girls to keep me company. When a woman gets older she won't have a group of men like that to choose from anymore, and usually if she has one or two good friends she can consider herself lucky."

"After school I practice with the cheerleading squad. Now there's an ego trip and a half! A whole stadium full of people getting off, looking at

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**"I FIND THE BEST LOOKING PICTURE OF THE BEST LOOKING TEEN IDOL AND I START PLAYING WITH MY PUSSY!"**

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my body." Her voice ages catch up to you, and then you start giggling and you have random want to your legs—nobody's gonna think about you. Not only that, but you're out there on the field, with the biggest, best-looking guys in the world. Once you've got your first kiss from the closest model women get to you like that is watching them on a TV screen."



# CHERRY





"Oh, so after practice I go home. Mom's and supper all ready for me & that time in hell doesn't happen when power over the fell. Then I go up to my room and turn on the music, maybe take out a few magazines or two and flip through it. It's just slack talk of anything pop like Cat Stevens and Paul Young. So I throw my self back on the bed, and take up my shirt, find the best looking picture of the best looking man and start playing with my pussy. You can get away with that if you're an adolescent. But just imagine an older woman laying in bed getting off a big Queen a picture of Frank Sinatra or Tom Jones or one of those other old faggs. If anybody caught her they'd send her away in the hospital! Women don't do these things until teenagers!"



Then I'll call my one of my girlfriends and talk on the phone for a couple of hours just talking about the latest records or movies, or what's going steady with who she went. Do that when you're married? No way not when you got a house to clean or husband to feed a screaming little kid to clean up! You're lucky if you have time to do it!





"On top of everything else, there's the dating. I'm not the most popular girl in school, but I generally have three or four boys call me up, every night in the week, wanting to take me out. Once you're the last, a single phone call could send you to the divorce court. Even if you are a virgin, a woman who gets three or four calls a night from men who want a date will soon be the scandal of the town. Good girls don't have so many boyfriends, nor without stirring a reputation in the town where. But if a teenage girl doesn't get at least half a dozen calls a week, the figures it must be her birth."

"So how do you begin to understand why I intend to remain a virgin as long as I can?" I asked. "It's not just the danger of getting knocked up. I know enough about birth control to keep that from happening. It's everything, the whole idea. When you start getting laid, it's supposed to mean you're a grown-up woman. Who wants that kind of headache and responsibility? Not me. I'd rather look good and maintain over a magazine photo of



"ONCE AGE CATCHES UP  
WITH YOU, AND THOSE  
TITS START SAGGING AND  
YOU'VE GOT VARICOSE  
VEINS IN YOUR LEGS,  
WHO'S GONNA WHISTLE  
AT YOU?"



Kristin Davis: "They never think about the besides that go with being a grown woman."

"Another example, my allowance is used to do with as I please. I want a cake. I go out and buy a cake. I don't have to eat there for two hours trying to work it into the family budget for the week. If I need a new dress for the prom or just a new pair of jeans, I tell my mother, and we go out shopping. That's all there is to it. Also, when you get on in years, you gotta come and see her for years and to put yourself a good-dressed toothbrush!"

"So that's it in a nutshell, pal. That's the difference has every option of buying her hygiene + love, long term. I'm going to live as a manager for as long as I can. With any luck, I'll be the world's only thirty year old teenager. Why do many girls try to act older really bothers me! To me, the only bad thing about being a teenager is the fact that being an adult is boring!" ■



had embarrassing stories that all Dad were around.

"The other night I invited some friends over for a pool party. We had a barbecue and later we all went skin-diving. It was pretty dangerous stuff really and we broke it up early. The last time I wanted were the cops coming around, or neighbors coming phoning to my parents when they got back."

"People out here are pretty cool about things like that anyway. When we lived back east it was different. I think the weather has a lot to do with it. There the seasons all year long, so everybody's together the whole time and it's a friendly atmosphere. In the east, we'd get buried up to our eyes in snow for nine months, so people tended to hibernate & when the spring them come, you had to get to know them all over again."

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**"ONE DAY WHILE MOM  
AND DAD WERE OUT,  
SHE TRIED TO FRENCH  
ME AND STICK HER  
FINGERS UP MY PUSSY."**

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"We always had a hard time making friends. My folks are well to do, and I've always had a very sheltered life. I guess I have the inclination of being a spoiled brat, but I'm not really stuck up, just she, particularly when it comes to guys."

"When I was young, my parents sent me to a private school, all girls, so I never really learned how to behave around men. A few years back, my father had a government job, tutor me. She was fairly young and quite attractive, but one day while Mom and Dad were out she tried to French me and stick her fingers up my pussy. Can you believe it? It grossed me out and I told my father at least as he got home. He fired her on the spot. I haven't had much contact with guys, but women are definitely not my bag."

"The trouble with most of the ones I have met is that they're too vulgar and crude. They've all been at the 'boy before woman' school of education. What kind of fun is that for a lady?"





"I'm a real romantic at heart. I will dream of Prince Charming, coming to sweep me away. Someone like Aragon from 'Lord of the Rings'.

"I was born in the wrong era, that's my problem. I shouldn't have to be the age of chivalry. I want to be treated like a real lady... like Guinevere before I give myself to a man. I like



the idea of men worshiping women. I sometimes wonder what it would be like to have two men fighting over one or to have a lesser knight fight a dragon on my behalf.

'A few years ago my father took me to one of the Renaissance Fairs [I couldn't believe my eyes! It was so tacky!] Some of those men were real hunks too! Of course, Dad never let me out of his sight long enough for me to take advantage of any of them. I was even surprised when he let me play "Saddleback". That's a game where the guys are sitting on bundles of hay and you fire sponges at them with a crossbow. Anyways, could you get in hay and I'm not talking about a pick on the cheek. I went up to claim my prize, and the French-kissed me for three full minutes! It felt a rush going up and down my spine like an elevator. If Mom and Dad weren't standing there watching, I'd have raped him on the spot. Next year I am planning to go to the Fair by myself! They have a "Douchie-Douch" game where the guys fire sponges at the ladies. I want to work in that booth so I can have the men all day long and let them do the paying!'

"Sometimes I imagine myself as another time when people worshipped sun-gods—I particularly do my eye-and-teeth exercise and fertility dances and turned wooden axes and sang around the maypole. They were quite free sexually in those days, but in a beautiful way not like now."

"I guess I spend more time daydreaming than I should. But I hate the 20th Century. There's no romance left. People have lost their imagination. I think dreams are the most important people in society. Without them what would we have? People also have no sense of adventure at this day and age. Whatever happened to the peasant spirit that led men like Columbus to discover a new world? Nowadays people don't have groups as far as the vision."

"Someday I might write all my day-dreams down. Then I probably make for an interesting book, but since celibacy and heresies are out of style it may not sell very well."

"When I find a man with unquenchable and a sense of adventure and who preferentially looks like Agustin, then I'll go out with my manifested— not before."



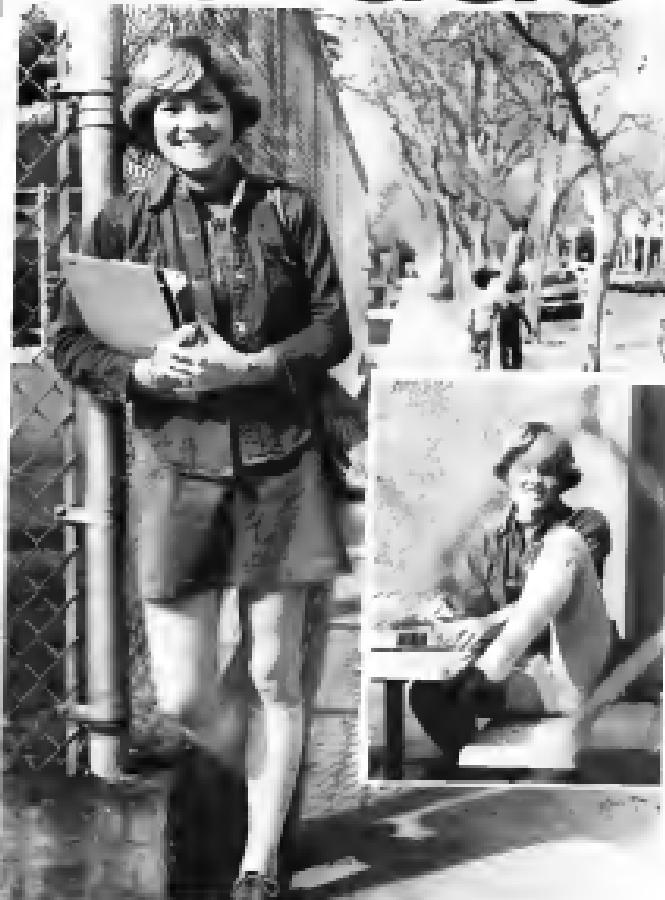
# Nude Interlude

To most of her fellow students, skipping after school is the equivalent of capital punishment, but as far as Gayle's concerned it's a rite. She is straight A student, top in her class, but two or three afternoons a week, Gayle stays home to get extra help with her studies, through the means of later she needs a handout. So what's the reason?

"Mr. Powell, my biology instructor," she says directly. "He's a living doll and what girl doesn't like to play with dolls?" He has long red hair and a beard, and seems open like a cat. All the girls falter over him, but he seems to take a special interest in me. I guess because I'm such a good student. It's not unusual or anything like that Mr. Powell wouldn't get involved with any of his students, even though he's the most eligible bachelor on campus. He's just too ethical to have anything but a teacher-student relationship. Actually, he's not much older than his pupils. When he finished graduate school last spring, he lived with the Minge Indians in white. They taught him a lot.

"He's really into ecology, conservation and preservation of wildlife. He makes his life pretty wild and hard, goes up half a dozen, but barns day tripping, is into endangered species and actively campaigning on ecological issues to think about protecting. So far, we've had several talk sessions after class and he's taught me about the history that was never taught between man and his environment, and thanks to him, I'm paying attention to study ecology and agriculture."

"Last week in class, we started studying Human biology, which has also my education. No matter how clinical he tried to make it sound, all that talk about penises and periods made me blusher than a孙策er Maie Peter, and if anyone he was looking at me the whole time."









"In the long run, it's just as well I left after Mr. Powell from afar. At that point, my sexual affair would only interfere with my school work, and right now, that's more important. That's why I'm still a virgin, even though I've had plenty of opportunity."



to dusk and wings of the others were mighty tempting. There's too much I want to do with my life to let myself get sidetracked by emotional complications."

So what does Gayle do to vent her frustrations after a day of yearning for Mr. Powell?

"My favorite thing is to strip off in the woods on my way home from school," Gayle explains. "It's so quiet, all you hear are birds and small animals. There's no one around, so I take off my clothes, and feel the sun warm my body. It's like Mr. Powell's says about the synergy between man and nature when I'm naked. I'm one with the Great Spirit. I let my mind roam free. I imagine me and Mr. Powell, alone in the wilderness like Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, as I drag myself halfway to heaven."



Sometimes even a quick interlude in the dorm isn't enough to cool her down.

"There are times I just can't concentrate on my homework; I'm so horny. My rule of thumb is if you want to be best in your class, you gotta make peace with your sex. I can't work a problem when there's a problem in my crotch, so I take care of that thing first. Masturbation is a part of my regular study routine."

Cleve considers herself fortunate to be part of this generation:

"It's an exciting time to be a woman," she proclaims. "Throughout history, women have had to struggle for jobs, education, even voting rights. My generation is the first to reap the benefits of that long, hard fight. I have far more options to choose from, in terms of career, childbearing, and sexual freedom, than my mother or grandmother ever had. In some ways

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**"ALL THAT TALK ABOUT PUSSIES AND PRICKS MADE ME HOTTER THAN SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER."**

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she thoughts of exploring. It makes her feel like she's responsible for her own decisions. She can't blame "the system" for her failures, nor can she help but secretly be thankful for it. It's a real challenge to be interested and independent, but she possesses only an imagination.

"Even though I haven't really explored the range of my sexual feelings yet, I'm grateful for the progress that's been made. Time was, men didn't even believe we had orgasms! Now they're learning what it takes to please their ladies in the sack, and by the time I'm ready to give up my chastity, hopefully they'll all be experts on the subject."

"My big wish is that you find more men of Mr. Powell's caliber. It's almost a stroke for a girl to have a crush on her teacher, but Mr. Powell has broadened my definition of more than just biology. Thanks to him, I've learned my own mind, what qualities I want in a man.

"He's one teacher I'll never forget."





# **Inside Jaime's Drawers**



**T**here are a million and ten things that James would rather do than clean up her room. Only when there's no way around it, or through the invention of dirty clothes, candy wrappers and cases of Seven-up. Magazine, and assorted bureaucrat without raising his head, James will sit down at the desk and start at one her chest of drawers.

While we admire both James's chest and her drawers, her chest of drawers is another matter entirely. Once in a blue moon when James feels particularly hot (she has been out in 1993), she'll tackle the colossal task of rifling and sifting through the odds and ends she has accumulated. We were there on our ninth occasion.

"Ooh-fucking-superior!" she laughs

winking into a pair of black cat-eye glasses. "They still fit! I haven't worn them since the night of my Senior Prom. I was supposed to go with Bill Bradley! What a bitch and a half! Every time he turned my nose wrinkled my mouth aquapid! I bought these pants just to turn him on after the prom. I was going to let him strip my cherry over with that big ass of his."





"Anyway, Bill managed to get himself expelled a week before the class. I ended up going with Woodrow White, the school nerd. Woodrow was the epitome of an atheist. He had a face like a chimpanzee and glasses with lens so thick they might outright would dry his eyeballs. His nose was a bottomless pit. He had an unshaven dozen to bars. Unfortunately, all he wanted to do was sleep over Friday-Saturday—what? He was like a squad, groping, groping, and grooving, the entire weekend."

## "FOR A VIRGIN, I'VE HAD A PRETTY EXCITING SEX LIFE!"

"When it started, couples traditionally went parking on Major-Orl Moonlight (it was no coincidence that the woman spelled out MMOR). Woodrow and all the sex appeal of a exploded fly, but what the hell. It was Friday Night.

"Then he got the idea that he was a cool man and I was a brittle hook. Soon he was fondling this, squeezing that, plucking at my bikini, spreading another, twirling my nipples. He broke out a TV set and generally poking, stroking, holding, pinching, and poking whatever happened to be in front of the fingers. It would have been a gall at such close range and couldn't decide what to play with first. Woodrow wanted to torture me in the worst way, it was the only way he knew. Anyways, I wouldn't let him. When I saw my virginity, it won't be to a mad like Woodrow White."

At Jamie's sign-off down in her basement, the things she came up with are more and more bizarre: a 1974 calendar ("It was a good year"), two Harlequin novels ("My cat died six years ago, but I've been using them as cat. I got another one"), an empty jar of nailpolish ("There's a good reason why I could remember it"), and a lingerie catalogue circa 1960.

"I've always had a fetish for fuzzy," Jamie explains. "I love the feel of soft things against my body. I know other girls prefer hard things, but I'm a sucker for perfectly brazened, fuzzy corsets, and smoochy nighties. If you ask me, mistakes never are sexier than pantyhose scratches. All my training bras are still bound in those drawers somewhere too. You know I've always wondered why they're called training bras. What kind of training does a girl need to grow堤?"

While we pondered that, Jamie went fishing again. This time, she pulled out a menu from Grumpy's Ice Cream Parlor:

**"HE ASKED ME OUT FOR A SUNDAE, AND SAID HE'D PROVIDE THE CREAM IF I'D SUPPLY THE CHERRY. HE CHANGED HIS TUNE WHEN I SAID I WANTED A BANANA SPLIT, TOPPED WITH CRUSHED NUTS!"**

"It's a souvenir from my first date," Jamie says. "We asked our car for a number, and who'd provide the cream if I'd supply the cherry. But he changed his tune when I said I wanted a banana split with crushed nuts!"

Back to romancing, Jamie copied unctuouslyable as she held up a pink market. "We were about to ask, but she told us anyway."







"This came from Tricia. We've been best friends since first grade and I miss her over a year. We'd talk滔滔不绝 and sometimes we got so hungry you could have feasted in our basement. One time Tricia was really climbing the walls. She was a friend in need so I offered to lend a helping ear. I went down on her for hours, without even coming up for air. Later she passed that mortal puppy-pink, and presented it to me as a trophy. The Path Speaker Award for Outstanding Achievement in Multi-Drinking. I was her regular Drif-Thumper from then on."

Tricia yawned suddenly sleepy.

"Do you realize I've been taking stuff out of those drawers for hours and I still haven't thrown away a single thing? Every item here has sentimental value. For example, I've had a pretty exciting sex life."

She'd made out a list yesterday morning  
100 ■

